Follow your Soldier (as before) hence you
And at the banckes of Anly meete us with
The forces you can raiſe, where we ſhall finde
The moytie of a number, for a buſines,
More bigger look't; ſince that our Theame is haſte
I ſtamp this kiſſe upon thy currant lippe,
Sweete keepe it as my Token; Set you forward
For I will ſee you gone. *Exeunt towards the Temple.*
Farewell my beauteous Siſter: *Pyrithous*
Keepe the feaſt full, bate not an howre on't.
Pirithous. Sir
Ile follow you at heeles; The Feaſts ſolempnity
Shall want till your returne.
Theſ. Coſen I charge you
Boudge not from Athens; We ſhall be returning
Ere you can end this Feaſt; of which I pray you
Make no abatement; once more farewell all.
1. *Qu.* Thus do'ſt thou ſtill make good the tongue o'th
2. *Qu.* And earnſt a Deity equal with Mars, (world.
3. *Qu.* If not above him, for
Thou being but mortall makeſt affections bend
To Godlike honours; they themſelves ſome ſay
Grone under ſuch a Maſtry.
Theſ. As we are men
Thus ſhould we doe, being ſenſually ſubdude
We looſe our humane tytle; good cheere Ladies. *Floriſh.*
Now turne we towards your Comforts. *Exeunt.*

Scæna 2. *Enter Palamon, and Arcite.*

Arcite. Deere *Palamon*, deerer in love then Blood
And our prime Coſen, yet unhardned in
The Crimes of nature; Let us leave the Citty
Thebs, and the temptings in't, before we further
Sully our gloſſe of youth,
And here to keepe in abſtinence we ſhame
As in Incontinence; for not to ſwim
I'th aide o'th Current, were almoſt to ſincke,

At leaſt to fruſtrate ſtriving,
The common Streame, twol
Where we ſhould turne or
Our gaine but life, and weake
Pal. Your advice
Is cride up with example: wh
Since firſt we went to Schoo
Walking in Thebs? Skars, a
The gaine o'th Martialiſt, wh
To his bold ends, honour, and
Which though he won, he ha
By peace for whom he fough
To *Marſis* ſo ſcornd *Altar?*
When ſuch I meete, and wiſh
Reſume her ancient fit of *Iolo*
To get the Soldier worke, tha
For her repletion, and retaine
Her charitable heart now hard
Then ſtriſe, or war could be.
Arcite, Are you not out?
Meete you no ruine, but the S
The Cranckes, and turnes of T
As if you met decaies of many
Perceive you none, that doe a
But th'un-conſiderd Soldier?
Pal. Yes, I pitty
Decaies where ere I finde them
That ſweating in an honourabl
Are paide with yce to coole 'em
Arcite, Tis not this
I did begin to ſpeake of: This
Of no reſpect in Thebs, I ſpake
How dangerous if we will keep
It is for our reſyding, where ev
Hath a good cullor; where eve'
A certaine evill, where not to b
As they are, here were to be ſtra
Such things to be meere Monſter

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Two Noble Kinsmen* (STC 11075) LONDON, 1634 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.